

The Answer to  
*Shawn ouge a Glanea.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

10.

II. The YORKSHIRE CONFLICT.

III. The PHOENIX of ULSTER.

IV. The RAMBLING JOURNEYMAN.



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The answer to SHAWN OUGE A GLANEA.

**I**T was of a dewy morning when first I  
 elpy'd my darling,  
 All in her milking order walking in the  
 green,

I instantly drew nigh her and hid myself just  
 by her,

Till this burning flame so affected me,  
 She's the fairest creature the pride of all  
 nature,

I wish her lovely face I never had seen,  
 Since she wont comply, until the day I die  
 Like a wandering Pilgrim I must be.

Ketty now my jewel do not be so cruel,  
 To a loyal comrade that is constant to thee,  
 You are the joy and treasure that I do desire,  
 Grant me your love and from death set me  
 free ;

My heart is full of woe which you plainly  
 The reason of my sad destiny,  
 All for this Maiden fair, thousands has been  
 ensnared,

By her killing glances she enchanted me.

How can it be so that such a man I know,  
 Distracted should go for a poor country  
 maid,

My heart you stole away both night and day

Since first I saw you play along with sport-  
ing dames,

Hold your tongue dear Johnny! quit your  
Youth and folly,

I am no match for thee in any degree,  
Had I the Indian shore and ten times more,  
I'd part with it all for my lovely Ketty.

Had I known you so I'd release you long  
ago,

As you are so constant to your lovely Ketty,  
You are my heart and soul it's you I do adore  
None can you exceed in any degree,  
Come forward now my dear you need not  
fear

This very night I'll make you my wife,  
And mistress of my land in this country.

This couple they were wed and laid in  
marriage bed,

Such other joy and mirth sure was never seen  
Those two loyal lovers discover'd to each  
other,

The great grief and sorrow they did undergo.

Our parents they were cruel,

On both sides my jewel,  
Which caus'd me to shed many a tear,

At length we enjoy pleasure,  
Wealth beyond measure,

We'll live in splendour love and unity.



A favourite SONG call'd  
The YORKSHIRE CONFLICT.

**I**N Yorkshire there happen'd a terrible fight,  
Between a Williamite lady and a Jackabite;  
They fought with such courage, no men could do  
more,  
The like was ne'er heard of between women before.

At a Night house, in Yorkshire, this riot began,  
Where many brave Noblemen and Gentlemen din'd,  
When dinner was o'er their ound went the wine,  
Says the Jackabite lady, we'll drink to our King.

Says the Williamite lady, this toast I'll begin,  
' Here's a health to King William that monarch so  
' brave,  
' Who ventur'd his life the three kingdoms to have.'

The Jackabite lady being put to a stand,  
Let the bottle and glass fall down from her hand,  
She call'd her a rebbel and a heretic too,  
Then up with the bottle and gave her a blow.

Are you for King William, the Jackabite said,  
I'm for King William his rights to maintain,  
Before we do part we'll have a trial of skill,  
I'm fully resolv'd for to kill or be kill'd.

A challenge she wrote next morning with speed,  
The Williamite lady came the challenge to read,

When she found she was challenged her small sword  
to bring.

For daring to drink unto William her King

A suit of her brother's the next morning put on,  
With a glittering small sword she march'd along,  
For to meet that bold Champion whom she had set  
to fight,

Said she, I ne'er valu'd any Jackabite.

With her glittering small sword she made a great  
rush,

The Jackabite-lady soon fell in a bush,  
A falling and bleeding aloud she did cry,  
I'm wounded, come help me or here I shall die.

There was a Knight riding by all in great haste,  
Who took this young man, as he thought, by the  
waist,

Her hat and wig falling off caus'd them to be known,  
Or else they might have pass'd for young men alone.



## *The Phoenix of Ulster*

*Tune Oulicondo,*

**D**RAW near you young lovers unto my rela-  
Which I'll now unfold unto you, (tion,

'Tis love that has caused my grief and vexation,  
 I fear my poor heart it will undo;  
 In Newry in Mill-street my love I did see,  
 Her sweet lovely features has quite ruin'd me,  
 My heart now is bound there is none can it free,  
 But my beautiful Alley O.

My love she outvies all the maids in this nation,  
 For beauty wit and modesty,  
 Dame nature ne'er framed e'er since the creation,  
 A Nymph of such pure chastity;  
 By loving this fair one pray who can me blame,  
 The Phoenix of Ulster my darling I'll name,  
 The north I have ranged and found no such dame,  
 As my beautiful Alley O.

Like wax-work she's framed all over  
 My love she does carry the sway, (compleated,  
 From all the fair Goddesses can be repeated,  
 I'll crown her the Queen of the may;  
 If Death he would seize me with his killing dart,  
 'Tis he'd ease the pain of my poor bleeding heart,  
 Of loves burning flame I do now feel the smart,  
 For my beautiful Alley O.

O Cupid pray of a young swain now take pity,  
 An arrow I pray you let fly, [ditty  
 At the breast of this fair one the theme of this



With love wound her as well as I;  
 My heart now is burning like sulphur in flames,  
 Since the Phoenix of Ulster in person disdain,  
 No Doctor can ease me of loves racking pains,  
 But my beautifull Alley O.

My sweet Alley Ferris now grant me your favour  
 And heal the sad wounds that you gave,  
 To your poor dying lover and likewise endeavour,  
 To save him from his silent grave;  
 Let no other lover e'er have it to say,  
 You caus'd your poor Jemmy to lye in the clay.  
 I'm scorching in flames love e'er since the first  
 I saw beautifull Alley O. {day.

The pains of true love renders me quite unable,  
 My Phoenix's praises to write.  
 But alas to my grief my subjects no fable,  
 The which I in sorrow indite;  
 'T'was to my great grief I to NEWRY did go,  
 For to see my Alley that caused my woe,  
 She's compleated with virtue from head to her toe  
 My sweetbeautifull Alley O.

A NEW SONG called the  
 RAMBLING JOURNEYMAN.

COME all ye rambling Journeymen whe're you be,  
 I pray list'n and give ear unto me;

It's of my grief and sorrow I main to let you know,  
The farther you travel, the wiser you grow.

The leaving of my country I vow and declare,  
Was all through the mains of Arthur Blare,  
Altho' that I speak these words now at large,  
ne'er was guilty of what he laid to my charge.

'Tis in the county Donegal I was born and bred,  
At the town of Killigordon, near Fin-water side:  
No longer in this country I chose for to stay,  
So to sweet Fermanagh, I straight took my way.

'Near unto Petigo, I sat down for to work;  
'Tis there I fell in hands with a maid fair and brisk,  
And that as I pass'd by like a new couer-in,  
But when I reflect on it my sorrows fresh began.

I courted this damsel with a flattering tongue,  
She at length said "with me she would run,"  
I sported in that country like a rambling young boy,  
And at last I step'd off for sweet Aughnacloy.

Now I can say nothing for what he's done to me,  
For many is the day he has distress'd a good family,  
'Tis well known, by the natives of our land,  
They ne'er did deserve such usage of his hand.

F I N I S.

